

sparkled with real wit and humor. Doyle and Cavanaugh, in a singing and dancing act, were well received and the ballad singing of Vaughn Compton and his party was well received. The Hale and Brother have a comedy juggling act far above the standard set by many similar turns; Foley and Lea were warmly greeted in a comedy act, and the Three Jordens had a thriller which is a novel among vaudeville acts. Pictures of the world's news happenings completed the bill.

Nixon—Elsie Janis Review

It was a capacity audience that greeted Elsie Janis and her gang at the Nixon theater last night. And it was a truly holiday treat that this inimitable star had to offer. Her latest vehicle is better, perhaps, than anything in which she has appeared since "The Lady of the Slipper," which scored a hit here several seasons ago when Montgomery and Stone were her co-stars. Though the wonderful personality of this charming actress, authoress, producer and manager is in evidence throughout the production, she by no means has a monopoly, but just bobs in here and there to keep the entertainment moving.

The program introduces "Elsie Janis and her same gang in a new show." To say that the offering is extremely clever from curtain to curtain is mild comment. Mirth is the principal ingredient of the concoction, mixed with beautiful melodies, to which is added in generous portions some very clever dancing.

At first glance it would seem as though the members of the "gang" were picked for their handsome features. But each is really an artist in his or her own line, and each is familiar to theatergoers who have seen Elsie Janis' previous reviews.

The finale is one that might make George M. Cohan green with envy. With a large and gorgeous American flag as a background a bevy of girls clad in red, white and blue costumes dances.

It is the last scene that Miss Janis reserves for herself and in this gives some of her clever impersonations that keep the audience screaming with laughter. Her idea is a new one and deals with the various stars she imitates, not as they really are, but as they probably would be in certain roles. She pictures Sam Bernard as a traffic policeman on Broadway, and Fannie Brice as she might appear in Ethel Barrymore's role in "De classe." One of her most pleasing bits was her "Mon Homme," sung in French in a dingy cafe of the underworld in Montmartre, Paris.

Jurien Thayer, Miss Janis' handsome leading man, who has a splendid baritone voice, had plenty to do and the more he did the better the audience seemed to like him. "I've Been Waiting for You," sung with Miss Janis in Honeymoon cottage, is one of the melody gems of the production. "The Bonus Blues," sung by eight young men of the company, shared equal popularity, while the various other numbers were delightful.

Charlie Lawrence, Gus Shy and Monk Watson furnished most of the comedy. Watson darts in and out and his antics are always laugh productive. W. Dornfeld entertained pleasingly for a few minutes with his "painless magic."

Dr. James HEADACHE

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N. Y.
Enquirer
Jan. 10-1922
BUFFALO
N. Y.

AT THE THEATERS

MAJESTIC.

Elsie Janis and Her Gang.

One thing may always be expected of Elsie Janis and that is action—plenty of action and then more action. No one in a cast in which she appears is permitted to remain quiet for more than 10 consecutive seconds at a time. Another certainty is dancing—lots of that, too, and always good. And this week at the Majestic Elsie and Her Gang lives up to the actress-manager-producer's reputation.

Ablly abetting Miss Janis is a Buffalo boy—Augustus F. Scheu—under the stage name of Gus Shy, former Nichols student and in the short space of five years risen to such heights as to be given the leading male role in Miss Janis' latest revue.

Once upon a time an American flag number was given a more prominent place in Miss Janis' production than the finale but that appears to have passed into the discard. All the rest is to be found in her 1922 show and Buffalo gave its endorsement to the production at the Majestic last night. It was no perfunctory, friendly endorsement but a whole-hearted approval of a mighty good entertainment which should be going strong when spring comes again and a long time after.

First and foremost in the show is Miss Janis herself, who bobs up serenely every now and then through the play and every time is welcome, for she seems to grow more fetching and rollicking with the passing of the years—and it is many since she first became noted in Buffalo for her child imitations.

Now a solo, now a duet, now a chorus, the action of the revue steals in, crowds in, rushes in, whirls in, wherever there is an opportunity and nobody objects. On the contrary, the "little show," as Miss Janis called it, is welcomed with open arms.

Guy Shy is funny but it is as a dancer that he really shines, his acrobatic tumbling steps being greeted with roars every time he appeared. There are others in the cast which are good but these two will linger longest in memory of those Buffalonians who made last night's performance an ovation.

Although it is many years since the writer first saw Elsie Janis across the footlights, her abandon last night was that of a child and the audience liked her immensely, as they should. She is a comely person, now with a mop of bobbed curls, and her every appearance was the signal for an outburst of generous applause, even though the other girls in the show were good to look at and sang and danced better than the average. Sprightly music, most of it by Miss Janis, who also takes the blame for them. Five lines, makes the revue a good embarrassing entertainment, and one which would be too bad to pass.

LEADER 1-3-22
Pittsburgh

ELSIE JANIS DELIGHTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Musical Revue "Without
Music" Given at Lyric
Theatre

"A musical revue, without music," is the way in which the production by Elsie Janis and Her Gang in the Lyric Theatre last night might be fittingly described, not in disparagement of the efforts of Miss Janis, who wrote the revue and put lots of sprightly music into it, nor those of the aforesaid gang which certainly can sing, but in description of the shortcomings of the orchestra. This organization only filled up chairs in the orchestra pit and when occasionally heard from was several bars late. The drummer made some brave efforts with widely separated clashes of the cymbals but outside of that Miss Janis and the gang had to get along with a piano accompaniment. The fact that this was so excellent and that Miss Janis' latest barrage of songs, sketches, dances, dialogue, scenic effects and ensembles is so brilliant pulled the show through and delighted every member of the audience.

Miss Janis, who appeared here last season with a group of former Camp Crane men, brought back several of the old crowd, including Charles Lawrence, the famous Patsy Boliver of war days, who again achieved a hit second only to Miss Janis.

The company, a superb one thru-out, is made up of a score of lissome, strikingly pretty girls, all brunettes, who can sing and dance and wear a lavish display of costumes in a series of scenes that change with the rapidity and surprising complexity of a kaleidoscope. Elva Magnus was easily the star of this group.

The male element of "the gang" is headed by Jurien Thayer, a handsome young man with a silver voice, perfect enunciation and the art of putting over songs with the best effect. Gus Shy, in addition to good singing, furnished some startling acrobatic dancing, while the entire company appeared to excellent advantage in a variety of character sketches necessary in a program of eighteen scenes.

All the scenic effects were good, a particularly beautiful one being that of the Montmartre, Paris, while the finale, a great colorful setting for Miss Janis' new patriotic thriller, "The Red, White and Blues," was easily the most striking.

There was realization by the house management of the shortcomings of the orchestra, the fact being that the moving picture houses have taken the cream of the professional musical talent in the city. As two of the big movie orchestras are going to disband on November 26, the Lyric management will after that date have an organization that will be able to handle such a show as that of last night, which last week was shown to crowded houses in Washington and at one performance to the delight of President and Mrs. Harding. Next week Miss Janis opens in Philadelphia.

TUESDAY MORNING,

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Forrest—Elsie Janis

The cleverness of Elsie Janis as a novelty entertainer has long been recognized. Last night's audience at the Forrest, however, rubbed its eyes and sat up and took notice, about half way through the first act of the new revue, the authorship of which is ascribed to its star, that it was seeing a new Elsie. The tricks and ways and mannerisms which one had come to associate with Miss Janis were there, but with more of skillful artistry, acting and clever versatility than she has ever displayed before.

In the role of producer and manager, Miss Janis romps through the show, suiting the character to the scene as the situation requires. Her revue, although nameless, has a plot that winds from the Land of Discontent through England to Paris and from Montmartre to Broadway, ending eventually in the Cohan style under the Stars and Stripes. "The Gang," as Miss Janis calls her male assistants—mostly ex-soldier boys but actors, dancers and singers of real ability—produce the patriotic punch and instead of an all-male cast, as in her first revue, Miss Janis has thirteen comely girls in the production.

Its producer, however, holds the centre of the stage. In a cleverly contrived scene, wherein by a swift reversing of drops and a sudden shift of costume and furniture, a peaceful interior, described as resembling a home scene in Perth Amboy on Sunday, is transformed in startling manner to a thieves' den on Montmartre, Miss Janis, as the leader of an Apache pack, sings a character song in French, with such a wealth of interpretative by-play as to richly deserve the applause she receives. Later, in a ballet, she delights with her dancing; then, as a "newsie" on Broadway she contributes another specialty and finally, after a brief mimicking of "Peg o' My Heart," she comes to the imitations that are new and exceedingly clever. These are her own interpretations of how Sam Bernard would act as a traffic cop, how Ethel Barrymore would play Fanny Brice's role in the "Follies" and how Fanny, in turn, would assume the Barrymore role in "Declasse" and there is also a negro dialect song, "Nuthin'" and thus, in full measure, she gives of her talent and keeps the audience in a merry mood.

The company also contains several capital entertainers. Jurien Thayer sings the leading male in splendid fashion; Gus Shy is clever as a knock-about comedian, the King of Discontent; Charlie Lawrence is laughable and laugh-getting as a filler in between the scenes, and W. Dornfield furnishes a turn of magic.

Both the lines and lyrics are good, the latter particularly so in their suggestion of the Gilbert and Sullivan school of satire, and the music is pleasing, even if apparently picked up from many sources.

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Stage Gossip

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

After running the gamut of dramatic nomenclature, poised delicately on the balance between jazztime jam-boree and "melodic melange," we give over any further attempt at classification and take Elsie Janis' word for it that it is a "bomb-proof revue." It is a job akin to "gilding refined gold" or "painting the lily," which confronts one when trying to improve upon the title which the authoress, inventress, actress, et al., has given to the merry revel which was presented at Macauley's last evening. "Elsie and her gang" put it over just as was to be expected, and the big audience which had journeyed to the playhouse in the confident belief that something novel, sprightly and highly entertaining was in store, did not go away disappointed. Far from it. Expectations were more than realized, and every person in the house, from the dynamic little star to the ushers who could scarcely attend to their duties out of sheer delight, enjoyed the entertainment and applauded the gift of originality which was displayed in devising the show.

The trade phrase, "we strive to please," now a bit hackneyed, found a new meaning when gazing upon Miss Janis' doughboys enjoying their first, and, as she says, perhaps their last, appearance upon the stage. The dominant note is sincerity and each and every one of the "gang" is just as intent on putting their little idol's idea "over the top" as he was in delivering a drubbing to the Hun. And, be it said, this sincerity of purpose, this devotion to an ideal, found its reward in the spontaneous acclaim which welcomed the first appearance here of "Elsie and her gang."

There are so many angles to the offering that one is bewildered at the mere thought of enumerating them. There is jazz music by one of the jazziest bands ever organized; singing which ranges from the classic ballad to the song of the doughboy in the trenches; dancing which would make Terpsichore wonder where the steps came from; drollery with the savor which comes only from the army; caustic comment on officers; a bit of "wet" propaganda from the viewpoint of the soldier who said: "The slackers voted the country dry while we went over the top;" a sentimental recitation, "Lest we forget," composed by Miss Janis, who tells her audience confidentially that she "always wanted to speak a piece;" a heaven of negro fun by a "blackface" who didn't want an iron cross, but wanted "to get across that ocean"—all these elements, and many more enter into the construction of Miss Janis' "bomb-proof" revue.

And a word anent the setting is necessary. All takes place under a tent. Miss Janis tells her audience that most musical comedies, when called upon to choose between clothes and scenery, take scenery. "We decided," she says, "to omit the scenery and wear clothes." The various scenes which mark the progress of the revue are of the wainscoting variety—little panel effects which one can look over. But it is all that is needed. The "gang" is atmospheric enough in itself.

And speaking of the "gang," first comes Charlie Lawrence, the chronic house, who looks as if his "jag" were really ingrown, and might be a part of him forever; next Bill Darnfeld, the "hard-boiled" Yankee, to whom "it's all wrong" is a conviction; then Jerry Hoekstra, the singer, who has a voice of marked power, and which is used with the skill of a professional; then Bob Causer, the negro doughboy, and after him Eddie Hay, Bill Kernell, Henry Janswick, Herbert Goff and Jack Brant. There are others, too—lots of them and all are prismatic pieces which go to make up the amazing kaleidoscope which whirls and dazzles until the mind is weary of color, the ear is surfeited with song and the eye is bewildered with the panorama of nimble feet. It's a big job trying to tell all about "Elsie and her gang." The thing to do is see it yourself. If you don't Mr. Playgoer, you will miss one of the joy revels of the season. You may get a seat tonight if you go early; if they are all gone, try again Saturday at the matinee or the evening performance.

of dogs. 416 licenses for poor owners
JOLLY HERALD APR. 23/20

The Stage

ELSIE JANIS SCORES HIT.

A la guerre comme a la guerre, over here and over there, full of pep and debonnaire, Elsie Janis scores—for fair! Such an art and such an air, such a sense of on the square, such a darling, such a dare-devil and delight—ma chere, tu es belle et bonne—Tonnerre!

Why should Miss Janis, in a whimsical footnote to the program, convey regrets that her name appears so often? Jolly as are the "Gang," clever, hardworking, natural and easy and in just the mood needed, we can't picture what the show would be if Elsie wasn't there all the time, or nearly, with her gusto and her joy of living; her ripe humor and her touch of pathos; her dainty femininity and her boyish joy in a spruce; her grace, her gift of holding an audience, her heaven-sent temperament. For, of a truth, such a power to please, such an ability to put it over, such a genius for leadership and being beloved belong among those highest qualities we call divine, the qualities that mark people out as different. The lady protagoniste calls her entertainment a "Bomb-Proof Revue" and the title's as good as another, but what it actually is seems rather to be a cross section of types of the A. E. F.; a whimsical revelation of the amenities and angularities of life to the enlisted man; a philosophic commentary on the strange notion, long since exploded by Kipling, that the doughboy, like his brother in arms Tommy, is other than you and me. And, expanding that fruitful lesson, Miss Janis, with material that at first was amateurish and recalcitrant and now faces the footlights with the same unconcern with which it honored the enemy, has put together a "show" that is memorable for fidelity to type, for clean and human companionship and for an intelligence that betrays a most loving and observant contriver. The artist herself is Protean. She can dance with abandon or give a monolog that is of the highest art; she can sing deliciously and suggest untold powers of comedy, and, if it's French—mais ravissante and petillante and spirituelle and native; if British, the precise touch; if American—a very paean of glory. It has been said that you can not pay those whose vocation it is to make you happy and so I will not praise: I will not talk of the sunbeams Miss Janis carried into those sodden lands. I will only—for all that most grateful audience, say: "Nous vous remercions, mademoiselle—thank you, mille fois!"

And the "Gang," a glorious company of artists who would repudiate the label. The singer—Jerry Hoekstra; the grouch—Bill Dornfeld; Lawrence, the Spuse; Jack Brant, an M. P. who took himself seriously, as did all the others; Bob Causer—has he found the 59th?; Eddie Hay, Bill Kernell—if I have skipped a name it's unintentional, one and all right in the pictures each of which is a joy and a wheeze. There's no describing this kind of thing—it leaves one throbbing and happy and just a little proud of the good old land that did so well and meant so well and was served so nobly. If every now and again you get a sensation as of picking flowers in No Man's Land, on balance you come away rejoiced.

SUN" Springfield. Apr. 30 1920
NGFIELD, OHIO

on the farm loan banks for financial aid in producing this year's crops.

Elsie and Her Gang

It was a little reminder of the A. E. F. that came to Springfield last night.

It was a "private" view of the bright spots of soldiering in France that Elsie Janis and "Her Gang" lifted out of memory and presented on the Fairbanks stage.

"Clever" is the word that best describes this conglomeration of fun and jazz and pep which Elsie calls "a bomb proof revue."

It pokes fun, good fun without a sting, at officers, at M. P.'s, at doughboy French and other little characteristics, and brings back those songs that will live as the songs of the great war.

Elsie dominates the show. She is perhaps the one actress in the world with the experience and talent to put on and get away with such a piece.

She explained the lack of scenery and the make believe sets by saying that owing to the high cost of everything, they had to do either without

scenery or clothing, and there were already enough musical shows staged without the latter.

Before each scene she chummed with the audience in explaining what it was all going to be about, and this informality added to the charm and novelty of the evening.

In one scene she demonstrated that talent for impersonation which has made her place on the stage secure.

The gang was good. Elsie explained they were all men who had been over there, had never been on the stage before and "probably never would be again." Charlie Lawrence as the stammering souse, Jack Hoekstra who sang well, and Bill Dornfield as the "It's ALL Wrong" Yank, made their presence felt.

A half dozen good looking girls were necessary to the action.

After a rose bouquet from local American Legion post had gone over the footlights, Elsie thanked the capacity audience for its warmth and regretted she hadn't been born in Springfield.

CAR RECOVERED.

The Chandler sedan of Charles Hiser was stolen for the second time within two weeks yesterday, but was recovered soon after. The

Janis' Gang is a Whizzbang from Cleveland Start to Finish Plain Dealer 5/11/20

FROM: Private Spectator.

TO: General Public. (Not Through Military Channels.)

SUBJECT: Elsie Janis and Her Gang, at Opera House.

Listen, General. Knowing that you're fed up on war, here's the chance to get the most delicious after-dinner mint there is. It's all wrong (to quote Bill Dornfeld) to "call your attention" to anything, but in case you missed anything in the memos. of the day or special orders or anything else, just remember

No. 1—That Elsie is nearly, but not quite, the whole show. She sings and dances and recites, and is the pepiest ever, and she heads her own show—of most all her own make.

No. 2—Charlie Lawrence, the souse, is one of the most pleasing comedians of the season.

No. 3—That Jerry Hoekstra, the singer, has two excellent ballads, the first in a hut over there, "Somewhere in America," and the second, in Coblenz, "Just a Little After Taps."

No. 4—That Jack Brant is a typical M. P.

No. 5—That the eight scenes of the show are marvels in inexpensive stage settings.

Here's an offering that tickles memory so much it's difficult to tell you, Gen. There isn't any plot. It's just a series of incidents that happened while lots of folks were getting rich. Scene 1 is in Paris before Nov., 1918. The installed-proscenium arch is covered with drawings of the various scenes, and each is more or less faithfully reproduced.

Next is Paris with the "beloved" M. P. on duty. Next is a cheap restaurant, and the act closes with any park in Paris. In the last two scenes the mam'selles figure.

Second act opens in Coblenz and closes in the United States with a little skit on how a private intended (but did not) get even with an officer. It is well done by Frank Miller and Hoekstra and Henrietta Orville.

The jokes are of the A. E. F. brand and, well, the audience was made to play in this show—every laugh intender brought its response, and quickly, too.

Miss Janis has made a production that is of the highest order. Her spirit of hard work and of the-things-which-please has been caught up by these members of the A. E. F. (some of the wear decorations—other than service stripes) and "A Bomb-Proof Revue" is a most excellent tonic. It has a big cast, too.

And, Gen., these songs will please the general, too—"It's My Temperament," "Après le Guerre," "The Heinie Fiftette," and Miss Janis' own song "I Love Them All Just A Little Bit." There's a jazz band, too, that's a hum-dinger. And, Gen., just make a note that this show has a "swassong sank" wipe out for effectiveness. W. W. M.



Dorny (Middle) meets with Director William S. Hart on a film set while the Elsie Janis and Her Gang show is in Los Angeles, 1922

K.C. 1111 64/22/22 ELSIE JANIS BRINGS JOY

BRIGHT REVUE BY "HER GANG" AT THE SHUBERT.

Drama Players in "Scrambled Wives" at the Grand—What the Vaudeville Theaters Offer—Week's Attractions Reviewed.

Elsie Janis calls her revue, which began a week of jollity at the Shubert last night, "an attack on your approval." The Sunday night audience surrendered quickly and completely, so Elsie and "Her Gang"—to use the official title—should have no difficulty the remainder of the week in going over the top.

The show is one of those small, peppy, college-boyish "let's go" affairs. It is brim full of personality and originality, dominated of course by Miss Janis, but the doughboys who help her deluge the audience with oceans of nonsense. It has been a long time since any musical show in Kansas City has brought such a handsome group of young men to the stage, and most of them are not only good looking but clever. The eight or ten assisting girls in the company seem to realize that little is expected of them, so keep their places in the background usually in a very ladylike fashion.

And as far as looks go, well—Jurien Thayer (in a movie) could take the combined place of Rudolph Valentino, Elliott Dexter and Wallace Reid any day he chose. Yet, lest that compliment turn his handsome head, let it quickly be added that never once during the performance did he seem to forget that feminine eyes were admiring him. No camera man could expect any better posing than Mr. Thayer's. It's rather too bad that his pleasing voice makes it unnecessary for him to speak filmland engagements.

Still, speaking of masculine talent, the playgoers will not soon forget Gus Shy, an inimitable funmaker, although a little Charlie Chaplinish at times, who tickles the audience continually in many interesting roles; nor the droll Charlie Lawrence, the "poor simp" character who tried so hard (in his role) and failed so exquisitely. Let good words also be said for the wit and agility of Monk Watson, Duane Nelson, Bradley Knoche, Herbert Goff, Frank Miller, James F. Nash, W. Dornfeld, Red Murdoch, Lewis Reid, Chester Grady and Dick Bostwick (billed as "veterans of the great war") who easily catch the mischievous, peppy spirit of Elsie Janis and with her literally romp through what the doughboys would call a rattling good show—if they couldn't use a stronger term.

As for Elsie Janis, she's a show in herself, anywhere, any time, any show. She might improve her specialty by going back to her popular impersonations of some years ago, but the audience sees her in many busy scenes as it is and cannot escape being pleased by her infectious smile. Her's is the art of energetic mimicry and exact character impersonation that makes even the role of a "boche" prisoner pleasantly realistic. The spirit of the days in France is brought back without any glimpse of their tragedy as if just to show that Elsie Janis has not forgotten her soldiers, the doughboys she loved so well. They, among other theatergoers, probably will have no better way of showing that they have not forgotten her than by smiling back at her across the footlights this week.

E. B. G.

"Scrambled Wives" at the Grand.

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ALD'S AMUSEME

JOHNNY DUFFEY CONFESSES



Constance had stated that prizefighters were freaks, and Johnny had been posing as a society idler. His fame prevented him keeping his incognito for any length of time, and Johnny became the centre of complications in the delightful romance of the prize ring, "The Right That Failed."

Elsie Janis and Her Gang Please First Night Crowd

Her New Revue Is Full of Novelty, Song, Dance and Comedy
And in Every Way Is Calculated to Maintain Calgary's
Present Spirit of Optimism—A Cheerfully Responsive
Audience Brings Out the Very Best from a Top-Notch
Gang.

(By WALTER)

What with the rain and the prospect of a good crop, and now Elsie Janis and her gang, we're having a pretty optimistic sort of a summer. It might easily have been that in the midst of the general rejoicing, some "kill-joy" of a snow might have blown in, and haled out the whole business. As it stands the prospects are still good. Calgary has made a hit with Baron Byng, and now Elsie comes along and makes a real and decided hit with Calgary. Not only Elsie, but the whole gang backed up her efforts to entertain, and ably succeeded. The audience at the Grand theatre on Monday night went away well satisfied with the revue, and those who have never had the pleasure of seeing Elsie Janis before came to the inevitable conclusion that she has brains and capabilities, and knows how to put on a show which pleases. I heard this before, but now I know it.

Well, it's pretty hard to get anything new these days, but Miss Janis has managed it. If not absolutely new all through, at least enough of it to keep the audience wondering what will come next. With two acts and eighteen scenes, one gets humor, song, novelty and dance. There are no gorgeous scenes of the spectacular nature; there is hardly any need for them. But in the absence of these, which after all, do not always mean much, we get two and a half hours of unadulterated enjoyment. There is enough plot in the revue to sustain interest and expectation and shows the final triumph of content in the honeymoon garden where the bridegroom brings home the remains of the plot.

Elsie Janis easily fills the assorted parts which she takes. She is Content in scene three, an unsuccessful bride in scene six, a scheming Mimi in scene eight, and introduces her gang very cleverly in scene two. This by the way, is a very excellent conception, and cleverly done. In the second act Miss Janis appears as Peg in scene four, as the contented bride in scene seven, and contributes ten delightful minutes in scene eight. In a word, she does not hog the whole show, but takes enough part in it so the audience can appreciate her worth. Probably some of her best work is to be seen in that representing Montmartre, where she takes the part of Mimi. As "The Girl in the Park" she reveals her ability in a clever piece of character work. Jurien Thayer, the leading man,

has all the qualities necessary for his part as the groom, wandering the world in search of a contented woman, and his part in scene two of act two, in "Memories" was very much appreciated. He carried his other parts through with ease. Gus Sly was responsible for a lot of comedy and brought down many a hearty laugh. His comedy parts, however, do not appear to be as strong toward the close of the revue as they were in the beginning, particularly in the third, fourth and sixth scenes of the first act. There is no doubt of his ability in this line, but was not able to show it. Mr. Sly had a close second in Monk Watson who pulls a good deal of funny stuff, and made a direct hit with his song, "The Property Man", a song which contained more truth than poetry in its sentiments.

The Eight Bobs were always on the scene when needed and were never at a loss in a smart dance or a catchy song. The eight are represented by Eleanor Ladd, Paulette Winston, Florence Courtney, Buddy Merriam, Gladize Kincaid, Aida de St. Clair, Patricia Mayer, Claire Daniels.

The feminine contingent (I make this distinction because the programme instructs me that way) included Elizabeth Morgan and Inez Bauer. The former is particularly noticeable as the Quaker Girl, and in the dance of scene six, "The First Train." Inez Bauer does well as Jealousy, Havana and Al Vache. Billy Waldron does a lot of clever work in his part as the man who falls in between the acts, and created a lot of amusement, and was quite clever as the understudy in scene five.

W. Dorfield's "Painless Magic" presented several clever card tricks, which filled in very pleasantly between scenes eight and ten.

The names of the gang I have not mentioned particularly are Duane Nelson, Dick Bostwick, Frank Miller, Bradley Knoche, Herbert Goff, Jas. F. Nash, W. Dorfmaid, Red Murdoch, Lewis Reid, Chester Grady. They are all there on the job, and it takes them all to make the show as smooth and as easy running as it is. It is impossible to mention every scene or item, but it is a most satisfactory show, and the announcement that Elsie Janis will be less than ten years before she comes to Calgary again was received with that sort of part of mind. As a matter of fact that the audience was perfectly satisfied with all they had seen and heard.

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